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A FEW HINTS RESPECTING MENTAL ABILITY.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY is not, we believe, a favourite study. Its importance is not denied; but the power of comprehending it is felt by few. Is it not possible, nevertheless, that we might succeed, in our own way, in elucidating a few of the truths which bear the strongest reference to human convenience and happiness? Let us try.

In the general ignorance on the subject of mind, it is not wonderful that the very first principle has no abiding place amongst the ideas of most of us—namely, that the thinking, willing, and sentimental powers, are dependent, in our present form of existence, on that part of our organic structure termed the nervous system. From this not being generally acknowledged, or, if acknowledged, not seriously reflected on, very grave results arise. The intellect is used as if it were not capable of injury from any cause, whereas, in reality, it is as liable to be both structurally and functionally hurt as any other organ of the body. Were we to consider digestion as a total abstraction, and treat the stomach as if it were something which had nothing to do with food, we should not be committing a more dangerous mistake. On the contrary, if the true state of the case were thoroughly understood, a regard would be paid to the laws of the nervous system; its health would be sustained by an observance of the proper rules; or, if lost, would be restored by a recourse to the proper remedies. Many of the evils which at present beset the race, would be avoided, particularly in the more advanced countries, where mind is most apt to be kept in high action.

It is also very desirable that the fact should be generally known, that the mental system is not one, but a cluster of faculties, and that the endowment of different beings with each of these faculties in varied proportions, is what produces the wonderful variety of mental character observable in all kinds of society. There are no two trees alike; neither are there any two men. Some slight difference of organisation in one part is enough to produce a variety. As the twenty-four letters of the alphabet can be combined in a variety of ways amounting to millions of millions, so may the somewhat greater number of the mental faculties be combined in still a greater variety of proportions; so that it is not necessary that any two persons from the beginning of the world should have been quite alike. Seeing that this is a decree of nature, why should we so much fall out with each other for difference of character?

The providential end of a variety of endowment, is obviously variety of service in the general economy. Some are endowed for one purpose in life, and some for another. Difference of endowment is one thing; but the capability of each faculty to acquire, in the course of existence, both greater strength and greater facility of action, is another. This is to be done by exercise, just as the arm will get stronger and more ready to act, in consequence of its muscles being frequently brought into play. It is obvious that the different degrees of exercise given to faculties by different men, must add to that variety of character which is found in the race. Even were two men any where born alike, it is likely that the different circumstances in which they would be reared, and the different play thus given to various faculties, would ere long make them dissimilar. It is the efficacy of circumstances and training which causes each country to assume the character of the one preceding it, whether that character be barbarous or civilised. It is upon this fact that the views of modern educationists are founded; they wish, simply, to modify the native character to the utmost

possible advantage. The new generations, however, of a civilised country, are not exactly the same in native organisation as those of a barbarous one. Organisation itself becomes modified. The brain of the son is, in the generality of instances, the better that the brain of the father has been well exercised and kept in good regulation—an additional reason, of course, for all efforts being made to train the community as well as possible.

While acknowledging this great law, we must keep its limits steadily in view. Using the intellectual powers will improve them, but only to a certain extent. It will not make any one intellect as good as any other intellect. We often hear such maxims as that nothing is denied to diligence and application. Sir William Jones, singularly endowed as he was, used to say that no intellectual eminence which had ever been reached by one man was unattainable by any other; and even Franklin, with all his sagacity, was of opinion that the only differences amongst men were in their comparative industry. Under the influence of these delusive notions, young men are urged to prosecute tasks and enter professions for which they are unfit. In reality, a vast number of things are denied to diligence and perseverance. A faculty of certain power might exert itself never so much or so perseveringly, in a certain line of study, without success, if the study were of a nature to require such a degree of power as no exercise could ever give to that faculty. Intellect A may go the length of three inches by native power, and by diligence might be made to go six, but if Intellect B be only qualified to go one inch by nature and two by diligence, its going to three or six is a thing not within the bounds of possibility. All this may well be, though the important fact remains that each can be made to go to much more than its own native power by diligence. There is one feature of mind in which very great differences are seen to exist even amongst able persons. Some comprehend abstract subjects much better than others. In this line, above all others, we would say, it is hopeless to push one mind to the triumphs achieved by another. The narrative intellect of Scott might have been stretched to cracking before it would have taken up what was simplicity itself to the metaphysical Stewart. So may a youth of excellent intellect for high reasonings, but no great aptitude for the acquisition of language, be strained in vain to the latter pursuit, while perhaps a boy of only moderate reflective talent, but well endowed with the faculty for expression, will easily outstrip him in that walk. These are things which ought to be universally known, but in point of fact are scarcely known at all. With parents and teachers, diligence is every thing—natural power and aptitude nothing. Study is entirely a question of time. "How many hours a-day does he devote to his books?" is the only consideration. The youth who gives fourteen is great, but he who gives sixteen is a hero—when the fact is, that more than ten is sure to injure health. A person of high reputation, on being elected a few years ago to the rectorship of the Glasgow University, chiefly insisted in his address on the value of diligence. The glories of a Smith, a Watt, and a Simonson, were held up to imitation, as if all were capable of becoming Smiths, or Watts, or Simonsons, if they chose. There is, in this, a cajolery that would be ludicrous were it not hurtful. Some years ago, when we chanced to visit this very university, we heard of an uncommonly diligent young man, the wonder and praise of all who knew him. It was told to his honour, that he was sometimes nineteen hours at his books in one day. Next time we visited the same city, on inquiring for the same person, we learned that he was in the asylum for the insane.

The frequent occurrence in our obituaries of such notices as—Died, aged nineteen, such a person, student of such a thing, to the great grief of his friends, and with the regrets of all who knew him—speak to the same error. Such events are looked upon as inscrutable; and so they are in the great sense—but, as to their proximate causes, they are, to any one who has studied the laws of our mental organisation, no more mysterious than a cold from sitting in a draught, or a cholera from overloading the stomach. Ignorance is alone to blame. The error unfortunately is not confined to those whose children or pupils are of average or below the average intellect. All must be driven to top speed, the clever as well as the dull. We verily believe that, though a child were to master plane geometry at five years of age, the happy parents of the prodigy would not be satisfied till they had pushed him into conic sections. What a learner acquires easily by dint of natural aptitude, seems as nothing at all. There is no thorough satisfaction unless he devotes some preposterous and anti-natural space of time to his books, and encounters some tremendous difficulties, such as even mature intellects might shrink from. It is clear that there can be no great improvement till more correct notions are attained of intellect and its modes of manifestation. Till it is fully seen that the minds of individuals are different, have different powers, different aptitudes, different inclinations, and that one may easily master what another would vainly endeavour to comprehend, we shall witness the same monstrous mistakes, with all their fatal results.

It is remarkable that most of the mistakes about mind arise from well-meaning. The mind is not always in possession of its ordinary strength—neither at different times of the same day, nor at different times of the same life. One discovers in himself, we shall say, a disinclination to the continuance or renewal of a certain task. He would rather play. This, however, his conscientiousness sets down as an emotion of folly or love of nonsense; and resolving to check all such impulses, he forces himself to work. Now, in all probability the disinclination arose from nothing but the exhaustion of the organs. It was exactly the same phenomenon as the sense of a wearied pair of limbs after a walk of twenty miles, and a dislike to take once more to the road. The disposition to take a little amusement, or to do nothing, was simply the voice of nature prompting what was the proper course in the circumstances. That voice ought to have been attended to; but, such not having been the case, the organs of course are tasked beyond their strength, and a certain injury ensues. Many a man has thus had himself conscientiously knocked up, if not altogether destroyed. There is the best of meaning; but then there is ignorance too, and there are few more dangerous or mischievous things in the world than ignorant well-meaning. We have said that the powers of a certain mind will vary at different periods of the same life. It is in youth, chiefly, that these variations are observed. Many boys have what is called a dull year. It most frequently occurs about the ninth or tenth. They then disappoint all the hopes that were formed of them, by standing at the bottom instead of the top of their classes. They seem to have contracted a dislike for books, and are only anxious about play. These symptoms are bewailed and checked. The efforts of teachers, under the eager sanction of parents, are increased, but all in vain. The fact is, the muscular system has taken to growing, and is engrossing some influences which formerly went to the support of the nervous system. The latter is for the present in abeyance, to allow the former to make an advance which will ultimately be for the benefit of both. The

dispositions thought to mark a moral falling off in the boy, were only the voice of nature calling for exercise to what was growing, and repose to what was weak. Pushing a poor child in such circumstances is the height of cruelty, and apt to be grievously hurtful. Between fourteen and seventeen, another similar period of nervous inaction often takes place. At whatever time such an event should happen, it is the clear duty of those who have any interest in the patient (if satisfied that there is no shamming) to allow nature to have her way. Intellectual education ought then to be slackened, and physical education almost alone attended to.

The writing of the words within parentheses reminds us that, by the acknowledgment of some of the above truths, it may be presumed that idleness receives some encouragement. Perhaps there is a little danger on that side too; but we are satisfied that there is not nearly so much as in the opposite direction. The mischief arising from the overstraining of naturally weak faculties, or of faculties in a temporary state of weakness, are gross, open, palpable—while it seems extremely doubtful if any real good is ever realised from the same course. Let us, in the first place, get this evil corrected. If any idle fellow be disposed to take advantage of the doctrine to plead for his favourite indulgence, a little good sense will easily detect the trick.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MRS TRAIL,

Author of "The Backwoods of Canada."

AMONG the many casualties and accidents that befall the inhabitants of this forest land, there is none of more frequent recurrence than that of persons being lost in the woods.

There are, I believe, few persons that have not at one time or other experienced the miserable consciousness of finding themselves bewildered in the trackless mazes of the forest, without possessing the most distant clue to guide them to their homes. Many are the interesting stories of this kind that have been related to me, and many are the facts that have fallen beneath my own knowledge; some of which have ended in melancholy tragedy, others more fortunately.

The following advertisement, which appeared in the Cobourg Star, dated August the 2d, 1837, excited the interest of all classes of people in the district, but more especially of those persons inhabiting the vicinity of the spot where the child's friends lived:—

"CHILD LOST! L50 REWARD.—Lost on Saturday last, the 29th of July, on the road leading from Bow-skill's mills to Fox's tavern, near the Rice Lake Plains, a child about six years old, the daughter of Mr Thomas Eyre of Hamilton, near Cobourg. She wore a blue plaided satin frock, and was without her bonnet. Whoever will give such information as may lead to her discovery, shall receive the above reward."

THOMAS EYRE.

I shall also copy the accompanying paragraph, which contains some particulars respecting the child not contained in the advertisement; it is as follows:—

"One of those afflicting accidents which occasionally call forth the sympathy of a whole community, has just transpired in this neighbourhood, and is now occupying the attention of all classes. Its nature is briefly told in the above announcement, which informs us that a child has been lost, and is now wandering alone on the Rice Lake Plains, or may be dead.

On Saturday last, Mr and Mrs Eyre of Hamilton, with a party of friends, went to gather huckleberries on the plain, and enjoy the pleasures of a picnic. Having dined, they proceeded to gather the berries, in which occupation the children participated with all the eagerness and heedless avidity that characterises their age, wandering gaily from bush to bush, thoughtless of any danger; but, alas! one of the little party was destined to pay fearfully for its temerity. On mustering to return home, Mr Eyre's little daughter, Jane, a fine child about six years of age, was missing from the party, and, notwithstanding an active and immediate search was commenced by the whole party, consisting of not less than thirty persons, and which has since been continued by hundreds of people from this and the adjacent townships, she still remains undiscovered, having been now four nights and three days alone in the wilderness, without food and without shelter, otherwise than what the bushes and trees may have afforded her.

We hear that nearly a thousand persons humanely assisted the distracted parents in their search for the poor little wanderer yesterday, and that a party of Indians started in quest of her, headed by Captain Fantosh. We sincerely hope before this time some trace of her may have been found.

In addition to the reward offered by Mr Eyre for the recovery of his child, we learn that Lieutenant Rowe, his neighbour, has most generously pledged himself to add a further sum to the Indians of 100 dollars, should they succeed in finding her alive. Mr Rowe has been indefatigable in his personal exertions, having been out night and day since the search began.

THE CHILD FOUND.—Intelligence has just reached us that the child was found this morning (Thursday) near Cold Spring, alive and well, after having wandered in the woods five days and nights."

I learned the following interesting particulars from a gentleman who was himself one of the active searchers for the lost child, and who arrived on the spot

where the Indians found her a few minutes after the poor thing had been conveyed to the arms of her afflicted parents: thither he followed at full speed, to learn the state in which she was. "I found the poor child," he said, "lying on the same bed with her father, who was completely worn out with grief and fatigue. The child was greatly emaciated, and presented a pitiable spectacle; her poor hands, face, and neck, were blistered and burned with the sun, while her clothes were rent in tatters, and her feet torn with briars. She never complained of hunger, though she said she only tasted a few berries from the time she was lost to that very day, but appeared to suffer the most tormenting agonies of thirst. It was thirst in the first instance that had led her to absent herself from the rest of the party. She had taken a saucer in her hand to search for drink; a hope she had never lost sight of, for she still retained the saucer in her feeble grasp when found. She said she had wandered a long way in search of water, but found neither creek nor spring. On being questioned if she had heard the voice of the party in search of her the first day, she said, 'Yes, but as she did not hear her papa's voice, she would not answer; she did not see any of her own folks, and she was afraid to speak.' This unaccountable timidity proved the cause of all her own prolonged suffering, and the anguish endured by her distracted parents. Each day, she said, she heard people out in search of her, and she grew more and more alarmed lest she should fall into the hands of strangers, who might take her away; so she hid herself, and once lay down under some logs and bushes when a party were coming near her; but the last day she was so thirsty, and felt so ill, that she thought she would not hide herself; so she climbed up on a high log, and held up her hand, hoping some one would see her, and take her to her papa, and give her drink. It was fortunate for the poor little wanderer that she came to this resolution before it was too late, for exhausted nature must soon have sunk under the privations she endured. It is remarkable that the spot where she was found was not a mile from the place where she was first missed, and where she must have been discovered very soon after she was missed from the party but for her singular timidity. A few days' careful treatment soon restored the runaway to her former health and spirits; and, young as she is, her adventure on the Rice Lake Plains will not easily be effaced from her mind."

A circumstance of a similar nature occurred some time back in the province of New Brunswick, in the township of Sidney (I think it was); but in this instance the little heroine of my tale displayed a very different disposition; and as it may not be uninteresting to trace the different workings of the infant mind under parallel situations, I shall simply record the circumstances as they occurred: to the best of my recollection they were as follow:—

Somewhere about three years ago, a young gentleman who had been out for some days on a hunting or shooting expedition, reached the banks of Bear Creek, which he was desirous of crossing, being anxious to make his way home before nightfall. To his disappointment, the log-bridge which he had passed the day before had been carried away by the current, which happened to be very strong in that place. Remembering, however, having noticed a fallen tree across the stream lower down, he pursued his way. Just as he had reached the spot, and was preparing to cross over, his ear was attracted by the sound of footsteps upon the dry sticks; the sound was accompanied by a cautious rustling movement among the thicket of wild raspberries that covered the opposite space; with the alertness of a sportsman anticipating a shot at a deer or bear, his finger rapidly found its way to the lock of his rifle; and while his keen eye was warily fixed on the bushes, a slight attenuated hand, stained purple with the juice of the berries, was quietly raised to reach down a loaded branch of fruit; another instant, and the fatal ball had been lodged in the heart of the unconscious victim. A cry of terror and of thankfulness burst from the lips of the hunter as he sprang with eager haste across the stream, and approached the child. It was a little girl, apparently not more than eight years old; her torn garments, soiled hands, dishevelled locks, and haggard face, betrayed the fact that she had strayed from the forest path, and been lost in the trackless wilderness. The child appeared overjoyed at the sight of the stranger, and told her artless tale with a clearness and simplicity that drew tears from the eyes of her preserver, who felt, indeed, as if he had been an instrument in the Divine hand sent to rescue the forlorn being before him from a melancholy and painful death. Had not the loss of the bridge led him to seek another spot whereby to gain the opposite bank, she would in all probability have perished on that lonely spot; but it was ordered otherwise, and the heart of the young man was filled with grateful emotion. He learned from the child that she had been sent by her mother to carry a basket of food to her father, who was chopping in the wood near the house, but that, by some mischance, she had strayed from the path, and, misled by the echo of her father's axe, she had wandered away in an opposite direction; every attempt to retrace her steps only led her deeper and deeper into the

wood; but still she went on. At first, she said, she cried a great deal, but finding her tears and lamentations brought no relief, she consoled herself with eating some of the food she had brought with her. When night came on, she was overcome with weariness, and lay down to sleep in a sheltered place, and rose with the first sound of the birds to pursue her hopeless way. When she had exhausted the provisions in the basket, she beguiled her sorrows by seeking for herbs and berries. Fortunately it was the season of summer fruits, else the poor wanderer must have perished. On the third night she lay down to sleep, and heard, as she supposed, the tread of cattle near her. She said she was very glad, for she thought the dark creatures she saw moving about in the dim light must be her father's oxen; and she called to them very often, "Buck, Bright," but they did not come nearer, and she wondered she did not hear the ox-bell. Another night, she said, she saw two great black shaggy dogs, which she thought were neighbour Hewet's dogs; but when she called them by their names, they stood up on their hind legs, and looked hard at her, but did not come near her, and soon went away into the wood; and she knew they were dogs, for that night she heard them howling. In all probability these animals were bears, for the woods abounded with those animals, and the stream the hunter had crossed bore the name of Bear Creek; the howling most probably arose from wolves, but her innocent heart knew no fear. The day after this she found herself near a deserted shanty; the clearing on which it stood was overgrown with strawberries and raspberry bushes; and here she remained picking the berries, and sleeping beneath its sheltering roof at night. She led the hunter to her solitary hut, where he proposed leaving her whilst he went in search of help to convey her home, or to some dwelling-house; but the little creature clung to him with passionate weeping, and implored him so pathetically not to leave her again alone in the dark lonely forest, that his heart was not proof against her entreaties, and, though weary with his own wandering, he took the little foundling on his back, and proceeded on his journey, occasionally resting on the fallen timbers to ease him of his burden. The shades of night were closing in fast upon them, and the weary pair were making up their minds to pass another night under the shade of the woods, when the sound of water, and the working of mill-wheels, broke upon their ears, and soon the light of the last glow of sunset broke through the trees in the distance, and the child, with a shout of joy, proclaimed they must be near a clearing at last, for she saw light through the stems of the trees. Gladly did the poor wayworn travellers hail the cheerful sight of the mill, and the neat log-house beside it, and gladly did the kind inmates of the place receive and cherish the poor lost child, who had been sought for till hope had departed from the hearts of her sorrowing friends, and she was reckoned among the dead. She had wandered away miles from her home, and been absent many many days; but she had been supplied with water and fruits, and her spirits had been wonderfully sustained during her wanderings.

MARSHALL ON MALINGERING.

"On the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these Branches of Military Duty; by Henry Marshall, Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals," is a title from which the public at large could scarcely expect matter of a kind likely to interest them; yet the book so designated* does present a considerable range of facts of a curious and instructive nature. Those parts which relate to the discharging of soldiers, present some most remarkable details of what is usually called *malingering*, or the simulation of diseases, in order to effect a discharge from service. The practice of malingering has long prevailed in the army, to an extent of which the public at large have no conception. During the late war, or, to speak more correctly, between the years 1806 and 1829, a soldier had two prizes in view if he could successfully feign a disability for service, namely, his discharge, and an annuity for life. A strong temptation was thus held out to malingering. But, by a regulation or warrant of 1829, although a discharge may be obtained, there is no chance of a pension for life being granted without long previous service. The inducement being thus diminished, the practice has naturally become less common, and happily so for the military surgeons, who occasionally suffered an incredible degree of trouble and annoyance from this cause. With such a reward before them as a life of pensioned ease, the malingers, to gain their end, resorted to the most ingenious tricks at times, bore with unflinching fortitude whatever trials they were subjected to, and often mutilated themselves in such a manner as to render limbs or eyes useless for life. In fact, by perseverance and constancy they very frequently attained the desired object. "Old soldiers (says Mr Marshall) who prosecute their schemes with art, who possess

* These plains are not, as their name would infer, mere level tracts of country, but comprise large extents of hill and dale, beautifully diversified with groves of oak and shrubby pine, rich pasture, and open spots of luxuriant herbage, intermixed with low shrubs, and an abundance of wild-fruits and flowers.

great fortitude and an inflexible resolution, will, I believe, commonly succeed in obtaining their discharge, either by making falsehood appear more probable than truth, or perhaps more frequently by exhausting the patience of medical and commanding officers. Many a simulator will hold out not only for months, but for a number of years, passing his time chiefly in hospitals." The strait-waistcoat, the log, and the solitary cell, have often been tried on them in vain.

Diseases of the eyes were very frequently counterfeited by malingersers, and for good reasons. "For a great number of years (says the volume before us), partial or total loss of sight was in an especial manner held to confer a claim to a large pension for life. The bounty of government was followed by a great increase in the number of men disabled by impaired vision; and factitious inflammation of the eyes was carried to a very great extent in the British army. The alleged means employed in factitious ophthalmia are lime, corrosive sublimate, tobacco, ashes, &c. As soon as a regiment was ordered to the West Indies, or any other unpopulous station, disease of the eyes became common among the men, and continued so till the corps had embarked. The number of cases then decreased, and no more was heard of it until the period when a detachment was ordered to embark for the service companies." The following cases will give an idea of the means resorted to by the soldiery to produce inflammation of the eye. "In 1809, three hundred of the men of two regiments which were on duty at Chelmsford became affected with ophthalmia; the healthy men of both corps were transferred to another station, while the sick remained in hospital, but under strict military control. Information reached the commanding officer that one of the nurses was in the practice of going to a druggist's shop for the purpose of purchasing drugs, by which means his suspicions were excited, and, in conjunction with the medical officer, a successful attempt was made to discover whether the men had any articles in their possession which might be employed to excite inflammation of the eyes. The commanding officer entered one of the wards, which contained twenty-four men, about midnight, and ordered them to form rank entire in a state of nudity, and they were in that condition marched into an adjoining empty ward, which had been prepared for their reception. The old ward was secured for the night, and next day the beds were examined, when a number of parcels of corrosive sublimate were found concealed under the clothes. Means were taken to prevent a fresh supply of this drug, and in a very short time two hundred and fifty of the men recovered, and were transferred to their respective corps." Another common way of producing this disease was by anointing the organ of sight with the noxious matter of ulcers. But malingersers would often go the length of destroying one eye utterly. "The late Mr C—, surgeon to the — regiment, brought two men before a court-martial, one for submitting to have an eye destroyed, and the other for actively abetting him—in fact, for performing the work of destruction. The instrument employed was a common table-fork. Mr C— saw the operation performed through the key hole of the ward in which the men were accommodated." The men were found guilty, and punished. Under the old system, the loss of vision in one eye, provided the party could make out a plausible story of accidental injury, would have gained a discharge and pension for life; but, by a new regulation, the possession of perfect vision in one eye is held sufficient for the purposes of the service, and, accordingly, the crime alluded to is now unknown.

Deafness is another favourite pretence of malingersers, and as the defect may really exist without the slightest vestige of outward affection, there is great difficulty for the most part in detecting the imposture. Sometimes, after all ordinary means have been tried in vain—after pistols have been fired close to the patient's ear without seeming to startle him from his slumbers—a little finesse will throw the impostor off his guard, and lay bare his deception. "A recruit from Cork, who joined the depot of the East India Company at Chatham, alleged that he had almost totally lost the sense of hearing. Dr Davies, surgeon to the depot, admitted him into hospital, and put him upon spoon diet. For nine days Dr Davies passed his bed, during his daily visit to the hospital, without seeming to notice him. On the tenth day he felt his pulse, and made signs to him to put out his tongue; he then asked the hospital serjeant what diet he gave the man. 'Spoon diet,' replied the serjeant. The doctor affected to be displeased, and, in a low voice, said, 'Are you not ashamed of yourself! The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have a beefsteak and a pint of porter!' The recruit could contain himself no longer. With a countenance expressive of gladness and gratitude, he addressed Dr Davies by saying, 'God Almighty bless your honour; you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!' Thus by playing on the poor rogue's better feelings, he was led to forget his cue, and regained that sense which the harshest treatment might never have restored. As these deaf impostors are apt to be troubled by puzzling questions, some among them have found it convenient to lose the faculty of speech also. A trooper, named McKeon, stationed at Piershill barracks, pretended one morning to have become both deaf and dumb. Every possible scheme was tried to discover whether the loss was real or otherwise, but no noise, however loud, sudden, or artfully employed,

seemed to have the slightest impression on his organs of hearing. He was sent to the Edinburgh Infirmary, and after a time was dismissed as incurable. At the end of a year his defects were fully believed to be real, and he was so much commiserated, that an order for his discharge was procured. The regiment was then at Dundalk, and McKeon was sent off to Dublin to pass finally at the Invaliding Board. On the first day's march from Dundalk, however, McKeon allowed his joy to get the better of his prudence. He got intoxicated, and recovered suddenly the use both of tongue and ears. His astonished escort carried him back to Dundalk, but, on arriving there, McKeon became as deaf and as dumb as ever. He was now sentenced to receive eight hundred lashes, but his astonishing perseverance once more staggered his medical attendants, and in place of being lashed, he was thrown into solitary confinement on bread and water, seeing and hearing no one. For three months longer he held out, and then pretended all at once that his faculties had been restored to him in a dream. He returned to his duty, but ultimately deserted, and was not again heard of. The self-command displayed by this man was something altogether extraordinary.

Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood, is a disease which soldiers sometimes contrive to simulate, by getting possession of bullock's blood, or the blood of some other animal. The detection is not difficult, however, unless some agent assists the man habitually in keeping up the trick. Ulcers are another fruitful source of deception. By applying various substances to sores, malingersers are in the habit of preventing them from healing, and causing them, in fact, to spread or increase in size at will. In the knapsack of one malingeringer receipts were found, giving instructions for injuring an eye and exciting an ulcer. "Factitious blindness was to be effected by 'the prog of a needle in the sight (pupil) of the eye,' and after a pension had been procured, soft soap was to be applied to the eye, by which means it was stated that vision would be restored. To excite or irritate an ulcer, yellow arsenic was to be employed." Swellings and ulcerations on the limbs are also kept up occasionally in the way described in the following case:—"Mr Jones, inspector-general of hospitals, had a serjeant under his care on account of swelling and inflammation of the right leg, and the means usually adopted in the like cases were employed without success. Mr Jones at one time thought there was an abscess in the leg, and had a lancet in his hand for the purpose of opening it, but desisted. From the anomalous character of the symptoms, Mr Jones suspected that some means were employed to excite and prolong the affection, and with the view of discovering whether his suspicions had a good foundation, he visited the hospital one evening when he was not expected, and, promptly proceeding to the serjeant's bed, turned off the bed-clothes, and discovered the trace of a ligature round the thigh; for, notwithstanding his expedition, the cord had been removed and concealed. The swelling had almost completely disappeared by the following morning. It is worthy of observation (as a proof how much they will unflinchingly endure to gain their end), that the serjeant did not show the slightest reluctance to the insertion of the lancet when Mr Jones had it in his hand for the purpose." Swellings in different parts of the body are frequently produced by introducing air below the skin, into the interstices of the cellular membrane. But this is a trick more often resorted to by beggars than by soldiers, as military medical men can too easily detect such proceedings.

Being a disease seldom marked by any exterior symptoms, rheumatism, as might be anticipated, is a familiar complaint with malingersers. But those who simulate this disease do not escape without smarting severely for their imposture, as blisters and issues constitute the usual remedial means, and, when suspicion is aroused, are inflicted most lavishly on the body of the malingeringer. It is amazing with what courage and constancy they will bear the hardest trials of this nature. Mr Marshall says that there is perhaps no class of disabilities which requires more care and caution on the part of medical officers, than cases of alleged pains, rheumatism, lumbago, &c. The most experienced may be here deceived. Mr Marshall advises that no treatment should ever be adopted in any suspected case, for which the surgeon would feel regret if the disease proved real. The counsel is judicious and humane, and applies to every instance of asserted disability. In the case of pains, a little finesse will often disclose the truth. "The late Dr Davies, surgeon to the East India Company's depot, had a young soldier under his care, who alleged that, in consequence of a severe pain in the back, he was unable to move or to be moved from his bed. His alleged pain had existed for about a month, and still no indication appeared that he intended to return to his duty. For the convenience of being watched, &c., he was accommodated in a ward by himself. Dr Davies, who considered him an impostor, saw no prospect of his giving in, a circumstance which induced him to adopt a very simple measure for his detection. He went to the window of the ward in the dusk of the evening, and, after gently tapping upon the glass, he in a low voice called the man by name. The patient was at the window in an instant, and the doctor had the pleasure of congratulating him upon the recovery of his locomotive faculty. This man went forthwith to his duty." Sometimes, when blistering, cauterising, cupping, and such like painful remedies, fail utterly in

shaking the firmness of the impostor, a few nauseating doses, calculated bitterly to offend the senses of taste and smell, will answer the purpose. Asanforth is well known to military surgeons as having most wonderful sanative powers in this way; and Dr Fallot, a French surgeon, relates that he once cured an inveterate rheumatic malingeringer by ordering large draughts of warm water.

Rheumatic affections frequently leave behind them permanent contractions of the limbs and curvatures of various parts of the body. Malingersers are aware of this fact, and nothing in the whole history of imposture is so surprising as the perseverance with which such contractions have been simulated by individuals at the expense of keeping the body or its members in most unnatural and painful positions for a great length of time. A soldier in India, named Fitzgerald, walked for eighteen months with his body bent forward in such a manner that his fingers nearly touched the ground. He declared himself totally unable to stand upright. At the end of the period mentioned, an order arrived, authorising commanding officers to re-enlist men whose period of service had expired, and at the same time to give them a bounty of sixteen guineas. Immediately after the arrival of the order, Fitzgerald coolly and impudently presented himself, erect as a church-wall, to be inspected by the very surgeon under whose care he had so long been. A similar case of crooked back, where the patient had long preserved the rectangular position, was cured by a very ingenious manoeuvre. The malingeringer, who, like Sir Archy Maesycophant, was disposed to "boo, and boo, and boo" for ever, was placed in a wide and deep cask, and water gradually poured into it, till he was compelled, in order to avoid drowning, to raise his head inch by inch, until at length he stood bolt upright for the first time during many months. Having no idea that he was put into the cask for any other purpose than to get his limbs pleasantly bathed, the impostor himself was most thoroughly surprised at the issue. Another clever scheme was hit upon by General Ross, to cure a contraction of very long standing in the right-hand fingers of a soldier of the 52d regiment. The general directed him to be confined in a solitary cell, in which was an elevated shelf; his left hand was secured to his body, and a loaf of bread and pitcher of water were so placed upon the shelf that he could not partake of them without employing the contracted hand. At the end of the first twenty-four hours, the bread and water were untouched; but, by the termination of another day, the bread had disappeared, and the pitcher was empty. The soldier returned to his duty." In another case, a soldier in India complained of immobility of the right shoulder-joint, and for the extraordinary space of sixteen months, his arm remained in a projected position, forming a right angle with the shoulder. As his comrades and medical attendants declared that the arm continued always in this position, he was recommended for discharge, and was about to be sent accordingly to Britain. "Just on the eve of embarkation, however, the man in question was walking with a large bottle of arrack under his left arm, when a person approached him unperceived, and seized the bottle. Fearing that the prize might be lost, the malingeringer instinctively bent the right shoulder-joint, and firmly grasped the bottle with the right hand. This circumstance was accidentally observed by an officer who knew him; the man was forthwith tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive 1000 lashes."

With another extract, referring to a case of simulated palsy, we shall conclude our notice of this agreeable production. "The courage and coolness (says Mr Marshall) with which some impostors resolve to brave pain, is very remarkable. A private belonging to the — regiment complained that he had lost the power of his right arm, but, from the absence of any physical evidence of disease, the medical officer considered him a malingeringer, and tried various means to induce him to return to his duty, but without success. With the view of intimidating him, a proposal was made to amputate the arm, and, in prosecution of this object, an unusual degree of solemnity was observed on the occasion. All the surgical instruments that could be collected were exhibited; but, nothing daunted, he allowed himself to be conducted to the chair preparatory to the operation. The tourniquet was put on, and the amputating knife placed under his arm, ready to make an incision. He sat unmoved; the surgeon was puzzled, and made the best excuse he could for deferring the operation. Being still impressed, however, with the opinion that the arm was not disabled, he resolved to attempt another means of reaching conviction. He recommended change of air for some of his patients, and among others the case of alleged palsy. To reach the place where the surgeon professed he intended to carry the sick, it was necessary to cross a river in a boat. The party embarked, accompanied by the surgeon, who, by a preconcerted signal, directed the boatmen to throw the man in question (who, he knew, was a good swimmer) into the river. At first he used his left arm only, and after a little time seemed to be much exhausted from the exertions necessary to keep himself afloat by means of it alone. The surgeon became alarmed, and had just resolved to take his patient on board, when the fellow uttered an exclamation, and struck out vigorously with both arms. The evidence was conclusive."

The evidence which has now been laid before the reader, will be equally conclusive, we imagine, as to

the merits of this production. Mr Marshall has accomplished a very difficult task, in so far as he has rendered his volume alike interesting to the professional and non-professional portions of the public.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN BY THEMSELVES.

UNDER this title we have a clever and amusing work, now in the course of being published in numbers.* It is translated from a Parisian publication, the plates of which are, we presume, obtained for the English reprint. In each number there are four characters—for example, the Literary Adventurer, the Political Lady, the Monthly Nurse, and the "Rapin." The object is, by drawing and literary description, to set forth, in an individual, the lineaments which may be presumed generally to characterise the class to which he or she belongs. A late or still current London work, of considerable merit, entitled "Heads of the People," has given the hint for this entertaining publication—the original of both being, of course, the well-known "Characters" of Theophrastus, written more than two thousand years ago. The strength of such facetiae lies in the prints, and the letterpress becomes a comparatively subordinate matter; it is only, however, of the latter that we can present any specimen. The following are some of the best points in

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

In Paris there exists, and flourishes, a very lucrative trade for women, which, though in some respects fatiguing, is admirably suited to the habits of the idle; for idleness is not exactly the result of a wish to do nothing, but arises rather from a dislike to uniform and constantly recurring labour. Many an idle man would readily consent to gain his bread by running about Paris, from seven in the morning till five at night, who could never subject himself to the restraint of holding a pen for three hours consecutively in a counting-house: the difficulty to him, and that which he finds most repulsive to his nature, is the steady pursuit of a fixed and settled occupation. Witness, for example, those men, who, holding no place in any class of society, have taken up the "profession" of rope-dancers, street jugglers, and so forth; "professions" which, well or ill, they exercise in the open air, exposed to all the hardships of the seasons, and often at the peril of their lives, when, with infinitely less actual exertion, they might become decent and respectable workmen. To deceive idleness, it suffices that you give variety to the labour you impose. The trade to which I am about to refer, secures, to those who select it, a life the most varied that can well be imagined.

Every month, and sometimes more frequently, Madame Jacquemart changes her dwelling and her bed (when circumstances permit her to sleep in a bed): makes acquaintance with new faces, and finds herself obliged to study new characters, with whom she must sympathise, if she desire to secure herself good treatment in the several houses she inhabits. Whether Madame Jacquemart has, or has not, a family and connections, is of little consequence, since she could never go to visit them, or receive them at her temporary abode; the most she can do is to pass forty-eight hours together, some two or three times a-year, with Monsieur Jacquemart—for Madame Jacquemart is subjected, like every other woman, to the conjugal yoke: she was even in haste to be remarried on becoming a widow, seeing that not only does she wish to find some one to receive her on the rare occasions when she returns to her home, but she cannot confide the care of her dwelling, and of the rather handsome furniture her two rooms contain, except to a well-assured person. She chose three days, therefore, between an inflammation of the lungs and an acute rheumatism, which demanded her attentions, to espouse Monsieur Jacquemart, which Monsieur Jacquemart, an office-waiter of thirty-three years' standing to the Minister of the Interior, established himself, thereupon, in the little manor of two rooms aforesaid, and comes every week to the address she points out, to bring her a change of dress, give her intelligence of her little dog and her canary, and receive the five shillings produced to her by each day and night, together with baptismal fees, &c. &c.—a sum which he is charged to deposit in government securities, and which she invariably gives to him undiminished, for never has she occasion to expend three farthings.† Their interviews, which are often interrupted by the summons of a bell, never last more than ten minutes; they take place in the anteroom or entrance hall, and do not permit a superfluous word to be spoken: it will, therefore, be at once perceived that they are not likely to sue for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

Madame Jacquemart is evidently deprived of all those pleasures in which many persons of her class so exceedingly delight: the public walks, the theatres, the dancing assemblies, are things of which she remembers to have heard spoken in her early youth, but from the enjoyment of which she is interdicted. Should some chance present her with a few hours of leisure, she takes care not to lose them in useless runnings hither and thither, but goes to visit those whom she calls "her ladies," informs herself as to their condition, takes those to task who have suffered the year

to pass without demanding her cares, and ascertains precisely at what period this or that person, among her customers, will send to summon her. * * * She has contracted the habit of sleeping equally well day or night, and that whether on a sofa, in an arm-chair, or even on a three-legged stool; nay, at need, she will sleep as she stands! Thus the principal difference is, that Morpheus gives her her due in small change instead of paying her in larger coins; and she suffers so little from this, that no sooner does one arouse her for the performance of some service, than she springs to her legs with a look as cheerful and ready as if she wakened up naturally after a rest of seven hours' duration. Breakfast time being come, Madame Jacquemart receives an enormous cup of coffee, well softened with cream; this is one of the pleasantest moments of her day, for a beneficent fate has decreed that Madame Jacquemart should be the least in the world of a "gourmande." Living always with rich people, or at least with people in easy circumstances, she participates daily with great delight in the various savoury and nourishing dishes, with which she could not regale herself in her narrow home. At her dinner, her supper, and even at intervals between these two meals, comes a good glass of wine to lighten her spirits and keep up her strength; then she has her snuff-box, and from this she extracts, every five minutes, an amusement which gratifies her exceedingly, with the additional merit of keeping her awake: moreover, she has the comfort of not having to pore over a needle from morning till night, as doth many a poor seamstress, for some tenpence a-day.

One other enjoyment of Madame Jacquemart, and doubtless the most vivid, if we may judge by the almost general inclination towards it of the whole human race, is the pleasure which results from the power to command; for excepting the ten minutes of the doctor's visit, when Madame Jacquemart lays down her sceptre and bends respectfully while receiving his orders for the day, it is she who reigns without a rival in the chamber of her patient. No one may half open a door, light a taper, or mend a fire, till she sees fit, in her wisdom, that it should be done. However gently one knocks at a door, it is never softly enough; and for this she will reproach the very master of the house himself. She suffers no visitor to pass without having first well assured herself that he is in no degree offensive, nor without entreating him to speak in the lowest tones. If the slightest noise is heard in the most distant room of the house, she rushes out in a fury, "to silence those people who are going to make her lady's head ache."

Take care how you speak before Madame Jacquemart of any one disease under the sun: she has suffered them all!—each and every! On this subject her knowledge is inexhaustible. Not only will she discourse by the hour of such ills as threaten her peculiar patients, but of all the maladies that flesh is heir to. There is no disease for which our nurse has not a cure; and she would undertake the most dangerous, as well as the most simple, with an unshaken reliance on her own skill. Thus, in the house she inhabits, no soul can give himself a sprain, or venture on a cough, but she will instantly settle what species of bath he must submit to, or what decoction he must swallow. Then her memory is so crammed with anecdotes of such miracles as are worked by leeches, infusions, fumigations, and so forth, that one might fairly call her a walking dictionary of domestic medicine.

The consciousness of her importance never deserts Madame Jacquemart, but this does not prevent her from divesting herself, on proper occasions, of a certain respectful stiffness that distinguishes her manner, and assuming an air of cheerful benevolence. This metamorphosis is effected in the course of her transit from the palace of a duchess to the back shop of a tradesman. She arrives at the house of Monsieur Leroux, a fat butcher of the Rue St Jacques, whose wife requires her help for the third or fourth time: she enters smilingly, and without ceremony, greets the shop-boys with a look of old acquaintanceship, nods at the little nurse-maid, and accosts the master with a friendly remark; "Here I am again, Monsieur Leroux!—well, so much the better; that dear Mrs Leroux; let's hope that we shall get through this affair as well as we have got through all the others." Here, all proceeds simply, with round unvarnished phrase, and in good "hail-fellow-well-met" style: the gossip with her patient never ceases, for Madame Leroux is much amused by relations that give her a view of high life, that describe elegant ladies, magnificent hotels—a thousand things, in short, connected with the great world, of which she could have no notion but for the details of her nurse; and Madame Jacquemart fairly revels in the delight of pouring forth her store of histories, tragic and comic. She is besides in excellent temper here, exacts nothing, gives trouble to nobody, is always ready to offer her little services in the household, and goes to the narrow kitchen to prepare her own coffee, "for you are not to suppose that I take the airs of a princess, because I wait on great ladies." The result of all this is, that Madame Jacquemart is treated at Monsieur Leroux's like a friend of the family; she takes her meals with them, and is present with the guests at the christening feast. When they sit at their daily dessert of cheese, Monsieur Leroux brings a bottle of old brandy, which he calls Madame Jacquemart's ancient friend—then what laughing! what gabbling! or rather what listening to Madame Jacquemart's gabble—for she tells

stories of every kind and colour—what lingering at table, too, for we must not leave the renovating bottle in a hurry; Madame Jacquemart will certainly not be the first to rise, and has taken care to make known how "she has left Nanette with Madame Leroux, and Nanette will give her whatever she may happen to want."

In this place it is obvious there will be an absence of the thousand minute attentions usually demanded by ladies on these delicate occasions; not only are the doors of the house "slammed to" with violence on all sides and at every moment, but the patient's very chamber is pervaded by the fumes of tobacco, which rise from the shop below, where Monsieur Leroux is often smoking with his boys. Madame Jacquemart bears all this with as much indifference as Madame Leroux herself—nay, she seems to think "these dainty airs belong only to a parcel of puppets who have nerves that support nothing." The truth is, that Madame Leroux recovers with wonderful rapidity, rises on the fourth day, goes down to the shop on the tenth; and this day past, Madame Jacquemart is at liberty to "up anchor," and convey her cargo of precious cares to other latitudes.

WALKS OUT OF TOWN.

BY HUGH MILLER,

AUTHOR OF THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF CROMARTY.

No. I.

ONE of my maternal uncles had sailed with Nelson and Lord Keith, and fought under Abercromby and Duncan. The happiest hours of his boyhood, like the happiest of my own, were spent on the neighbouring hill; and as he possessed a warm, appropriating imagination, its many beautiful scenes were converted by him into a species of mental property, which he carried about with him in all his wanderings. He had arranged them in his mind like pictures in a gallery, and had learned, when the monotonous languor of a long voyage began to prey on his spirits, to retire within himself to contemplate them, and found in the exercise a never-failing source of amusement. He would pass onward along the paths which wind through the woods of the hill, or over the narrower footways which ascend its cliffs, and as scene after scene has started up before him, in all its breadth of light and shadow, every object of the real scene of which he himself formed a part, has melted from before him. The wide sea and the sidelong vessel have disappeared amid the trees of a forest; the heroes of Camperdown and the Nile have paced unnoticed over the quarter-deck.

There are simple enough circumstances which serve to illustrate principles a good deal more complex than themselves, and the circumstance just related seems to be one of these. Men are first taught to love the beauties of external nature (a love of no very early development in the history of the species) in the way in which my relative learned to solace himself with his pictorial recollections. We have grown the artificial creatures which it is our nature to become. We have learned to build cities and ships, to take long voyages in the one, and to breathe for months together in the pent-up atmosphere of the other, ere our recollections of woods and fields and mountains resolve themselves into poetry. It is to the town we owe much of our love of the country; we stand indebted to art in no small measure for our admiration of nature. A conviction of this kind has ever prevented me from joining in the laugh, which has been raised with a good deal more than the merited success, at the poets of what has been termed the Cockney school; nor have I been at all surprised at finding their writings so filled with primroses and new hay. The Highland herd boy sits unmoved beside the Foyers, or amid the sublimities of Loch Marie; and as the love of such objects has not yet travelled to him from the town, he employs his imagination, like the shepherd in Virgil, with the town itself. And what more natural, on the other hand, to the men who toil on from month to month amid the smoke and dust of London, than an overweening love of the country, and an exaggerated estimate of even its humblest beauties? Had Homer written in an age as highly cultivated as our own, he would probably have told us less of the palace of Ithaca, with its seats of ivory, and its floors and stairs of marble. Scott, with his exquisite nature, is the true landscape painter of artificial life.

I shall attempt introducing the reader to those scenes, the contemplation of which afforded so much pleasure to my relative. Wander among them where we may, we shall find trees, and rocks, and water, and a clear sky overhead, all great matters to those who see them seldom; and should my companion be a dweller amid the bustle and turmoil of the town, and a cherisher of that love of the wild and the rural which springs up of itself in all the drier corners of civilised life, his mind's health may be the better for the walk.

* W. S. Orr and Company, London.

† The days of a nurse, comprising the nights, are always paid at the rate of six francs.

He may find, too, that some of the scenes to which I shall carry him are interesting independently of their great beauty, from the thoughts they are suited to awaken, and some from the little traditional anecdotes connected with them. Nothing is more refreshing than a walk on a quiet wooded hill in a sunshiny morning of early summer, or, more delicious still, on a calm balmy evening; and what better suited to heighten the pleasure than that a country in which almost every cliff, and cavern, and clear bubbling spring, has its wild old legend to connect it with the credulous and highly imaginative past, should spread out to the horizon around us!

After leaving town, our road ascends to the old time-broken chapel of St Regulus, through a natural gateway of hanging wood, which closes overhead, like the arched roof of a cathedral, at fifty feet from the ground. The ponderous trunks on either side, gnarled and twisted, and furrowed as if by the chisel, remind us of the columns of Thebes, or of Luxor; but they lighten gradually as they rise into a more elegant style of architecture, and terminate at the roof in a network of foliage and branches. The chapel, with its fields of tombs, rises beyond and nearly overtops the sylvan gateway, occupying the summit of an insulated eminence, separated from the other rising grounds by a deep ravine. We have reached the solitary burying-ground. The trees that rise thick and dark on every side of us, cast their undulating shadows over the graves; the sun hastens to his setting; and the long slanting stream of red light that comes pouring through the opening in the west, catches but the extreme tops of the loftier monuments, and the higher pinnacles of the ruin beyond. There is a little bird chirping among the graves; we may hear the hum of the bee as it speeds homeward, and the low soothing murmur of the stream in the dell below; all else is solemn and solitude in this field of the dead.

There are times when, amid scenes such as the present, one can almost forget the possible, and wish that the silence were less deep. The most contemplative of modern poets, in giving voice to a similar wish, has sublimed it into poetry. "Would," he says of his churchyard among the hills,

"Would that the silent earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
Be as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to ear and eye."

The dead of a thousand years are sleeping at our feet; the poor peasant serf of ten centuries ago, whom the neighbouring baron could have hung up at his cottage door, with the intelligent mechanic of yesterday, who took so deep an interest in the emancipation of the negroes. What strange stories of the past, what striking illustrations of the destiny and nature of men, how important a chronicle of the progress of society, would this solitary spot present us with, were it not that, like the mysterious volume in the Apocalypse, no man can open the book or unloose the seals thereof! There are recollections associated with some of the more recent graves, of interest enough to show us how curious a record the history of the whole would have furnished.

It is now well nigh fifty years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to the neighbouring town. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; but no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval, and there was little known regarding him at his return, except that when he had quitted town so many years before, he had been a neat-handed, industrious workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, even a more thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a great reader of serious books. The better sort of the people, therefore, were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy; some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown bold enough to engage him in serious conversation when they met with him in his solitary walks; when out came the astounding fact—and important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it—that, during his residence in the south country, he had become a member of the communion of Baptists. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as "a poor lost lad."

The "poor lost lad," however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman; and as he made neater shoes than any body else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them. He was singularly industrious, too, and indulged in no extraordinary expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower-seeds for his garden. He was withal a single man, with only himself, and an elderly sister who lived with him, to provide for; and, what between the regularity of his gains on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires on the other, Willie, for a person of his condition, was in easy circumstances. It was found that all the children in the neighbourhood had taken a wonderful fancy to his shop. Willie was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and of explaining to them the parts which he had pasted on the walls. Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read. Some of their parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie in a small way, and to a very small congrega-

tion, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories and his pictures, and his flowers and his apples, his labours were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the workshop of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high, and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight with Bonaparte, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a great deal of meat and corn. The price of food rose tremendously; and many of the townspeople, who were working for very little, were not in every case secure of that little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that the times were exceedingly bad; there were no more morning pieces among them, and the porridge was always less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister began to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end; when, lo! to their great and joyous surprise, Willie divided the whole baking among them. Every member of the congregation got a cake; there were some who had little brothers and sisters at home who got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young people lacked their morning piece. The neighbours marvelled at Willie; and all agreed that there was something strangely puzzling in the character of "the poor lost lad."

I have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied; it looked like a piece of rich needle-work. He had got wonderful flowers too—flesh-coloured carnations streaked with red, and double roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the commoner varieties—auriculas and anemones, and the particoloured polyanthus—grew better with Willie than with any body else. A Dutchman might have envied him his tulips, as they stood row beyond row on their elevated beds, like so many soldiers on a redoubt; and there was one mild dropping season in which two of these beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, and of different colours too, sprang apparently from the same stem. The neighbours talked of them as they would have talked of the Siamese Twins; but Willie, though it lessened the wonder, was at pains to show them that the flowers sprang from different roots, and that what seemed their common stem, was in reality but a green hollow sheath formed by one of the leaves. Proud as Willie was of his flowers, and with all his humility he could not help being a little proud of them, he was yet conscientiously determined to have no miracle among them, unless, indeed, the miracle should chance to be a true one. It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbours had not as fine gardens as himself; he gave them slips of his best flowers, flesh-coloured carnation, yellow rose, and all; he grafted their trees for them too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip roots, and the best mode of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours at times to give the finishing touches to their parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing-master lays in the last shadings, and imparts the finer touches, to the landscapes of a favourite pupil. All seemed impressed by the unselfish kindness of his disposition; and all agreed that there could not be a warmer hearted or more obliging neighbour than Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Every thing earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than an old man, and the child-like simplicity of his tastes and habits made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing; he lost strength and appetite; and at length there came a morning in which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the Bible for his companion; but in a few days more he had declined so much lower, that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbours came flocking in; all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned he was dying, and the feeling had deepened immensely with the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table bearing the one beloved volume drawn in beside his bed. He was the same quiet placid creature he had ever been; grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing of the kirk, and nothing of the Baptists, but earnestly did he urge his visitors to be good men and women, and to be availing themselves of every opportunity of doing good. The volume on the table, he said, would best teach them how. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety; the great Being had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world, and He was now kindly calling him out of it. Whatever He did to him was good, and for his good, and why then should he be anxious or afraid? The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as "the poor lost lad."

A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop, and his flowers opened their breasts to the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and the butterfly, with no one to take note of their beauty, or to sympathise in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful

eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters by the members of Willie's congregation, and they could all point out his grave. Yonder it lies, in the red light of the setting sun, with a carpeting of soft yellow moss spread over it. This little recess contains doubtless, to use Wordsworth's figure, many a curious and many an instructive volume, and all we lack is the ability of deciphering the characters; but a better or more practical treatise on toleration than that humble grave, it cannot contain. The point has often been argued in this part of the country, argued by men with long beards who preached bad grammar in behalf of Johanna Southcote, and by men who spoke middling good sense for other purposes, and shaved once a day. But of all the arguments ever promulgated, those which told with best effect on the townspeople were the life and death of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

THE NEW-ENGLAND WITCHES.

THE "Witches of Salem" are so frequently alluded to in works of ordinary reading, that some particulars respecting them and their proceedings may not prove uninteresting. The notoriety which their case attained arose chiefly from its being one of the last instances in which this unhappy and destructive delusion prevailed in the civilised world. It was in the end of the year 1691, when Sir William Phipps was governor of New England, then a colonial dependency of Britain, that the witchcraft mania first broke out in Salem, a town of no great size, yet ranking almost next in importance to Boston, the capital of the province. The Reverend Mr Paris, minister of Salem, had a daughter and a niece, respectively nine and eleven years of age, who on a sudden began to play odd and seemingly unaccountable pranks, such as creeping into holes, crawling under chairs, and the like. After some further time, they fell into convulsion-fits, and complained of being bitten, and scratched, and pinched, by invisible agents. On other occasions they were struck dumb, and their bodies and features became bent and distorted. Mr Paris was in great uneasiness, and formed the belief that the girls were under an evil eye or tongue. His suspicions fell upon an Indian man and his wife, who were servants in the family; and these parties, "after some severities had been used upon them" (to use the language of Neal's History of New England), confessed thus much, that they had tried some Indian ceremonies in private to find out the witch or evil spirit, said to afflict the children. This was an unlucky confession, as the children immediately afterwards declared themselves to be pinched, struck, and tormented by the Indian woman, while she was invisible to others. Upon this plea, Mr Paris treated Tituba, as the Indian was named, in such a manner that he extracted from her a confession that she was a witch, and one of three who had combined to annoy the two girls. Tituba was thrown into prison; but being a slave, and capable of fetching a good price in the market, it did not seem fitting for her prosecutors to press matters to extremity with her. After lying long in prison, she was liberated; and as the time had then arrived when she could speak freely, she declared that "her master (Mr Paris) had beat her, and in other ways abused her, to make her confess and accuse (such as he called) her sister-witches, and that whatsoever she had said by way of confessing or accusing others, was the effect of such ill usage."

We have related minutely the history of this case, because it was the forerunner of a mania so strange and universal, as to destroy for a time the peace of the whole province, and to cause the loss of many lives. Almost every man shared in time in the delusion, from the most ignorant labourer up to such persons as Governor Phipps and Dr Cotton Mather, the latter a divine of singular learning and piety, but who, in this instance, was as deplorably blinded as any savage of the woods. From the family of Mr Paris the infection soon spread to others, as has been said, until a great number of persons complained of being afflicted by witches, male and female, whom they pointed out and laid informations against. Dr Mather, who became the historian of these occurrences, gives the following account of the torments of which the afflicted persons complained. He says that "their limbs were horribly distorted and convulsed, that they were pinched black and blue, that pins were invisibly run into their flesh, and that they were scalded till they had blisters raised on them. One of them (he continues) was assaulted by a spectre with a spindle in its hand, which nobody else in the room could see, till the afflicted, in one of her agonies, snatched it out of the spectre's hand, and then all the company saw it. Another was haunted by a spectre in an invisible sheet; but the afflicted, in

one of her fits, tearing a piece of it away, it became visible. Sometimes they have complained of burning rags being forced into their mouths, which nobody else could see, yet the burns have remained on their mouths afterwards; sometimes they have complained of iron bands being in the fire to brand them, the marks of which they have carried to their graves." With a perfect seeming belief in their truth, Dr Mather relates numberless other instances of injury from witches, visible (to the parties only) or invisible. "Some of the afflicted saw a devil of a little stature and a tawny colour, attended with spectres that appeared in more humane (human) circumstances; these tormentors used to tender the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign, or touch it at least, in token of their consenting to be enlisted in Satan's service, which if they refused, the spectres under command of the black man tortured them with prodigious molestations." These spectres, as they were called, usually bore the appearance of certain human beings, whom the afflicted named and accused. It was of no avail that persons thus charged could prove themselves to have been far distant and engaged in minding their own affairs. The presence of these spectral counterparts or counterfeits of them was held to be sufficient proof that they aided in tormenting the afflicted.

By such accusations as these, the prisons of the province of New England were filled to overflowing soon after the commencement of the year 1692. The whole country was thrown into confusion; every one was jealous of his neighbour; and, in truth, no one could find security against an accusation, except by becoming personally an accuser. To this cause the pretended sufferings from witches are in part to be ascribed. In a few other cases, the parties may have been weak enough to imagine themselves really under the influence of such tormentors as they described; but it is only too probable that the majority of accusers were actuated by malice and hate. Whatever might be their motives, the accusations laid by such parties were completely successful, in so far as they were listened to by the judges and magistrates in Salem, Beverley, Andover, and numerous other towns and villages, through which the infection gradually but rapidly spread. The delusion was much strengthened, unquestionably, by the confessions which many of the accused were tempted to make, under the influence of fear and severe treatment. They were told that their only chance of life depended on their disclosing their confederates in crime, and in some cases they were tied neck and heels till the blood gushed from their noses, with the view of inducing them to confession. It cannot be wondered at, that, under these circumstances, the number of confessing witches amounted to fifty, not one of whom was executed, with the exception of Samuel Wardwell, who publicly drew back from his first confession, and preferred to go to the scaffold, rather than continue "to take away the lives of his neighbours to save his own."

Some time having elapsed before the business assumed a regular and systematic form, no trials or executions took place till about the middle of 1692. In the months of June, July, August, and September, however, twenty-eight persons received sentence of death, and of these nineteen were executed, six of them being men and thirteen women. One other man perished in a more miserable way. Giles Cory, a person of bold and firm mind, being asked in court by whom he would be tried, refused to answer in the usual way, and declared that he would not voluntarily put his life into the hands of a jury that had condemned all brought before them. In consequence of this recusancy, Giles Cory was pressed to death, agreeably to the custom in such cases. Of the character of the ordinary trials, and the nature of the evidence there brought forward, the following specimen will give some idea to the reader, who should keep in mind that the lieutenant-governor of the province, with several of the principal colonial judges, sat on the bench on these occasions. "Bridget Bishop was tried upon five several indictments, June 2d, 1692, for using certain detestable arts called witchcraft, in, upon, and against, Mercy Lewis, and four other women; to all of which she pleaded not guilty." These five bewitched women were the first witnesses, and they testified that the prisoner was in the daily habit of choking, pinching, biting, and afflicting them; and that the sight of her caused them to fall down in fits (of which they gave a practical illustration when they met her in court).

Deliverance Hobbs, who had confessed herself a witch, testified that the prisoner had made her become so, and had whipped her with iron rods till she signed the devil's book; and that the prisoner had taken her to a general meeting of witches in a field near Salem village, where they had all partaken of an impious kind of sacrament.

John Cook testified, that about five or six years ago he "was assaulted by the shape of the prisoner in his chamber, and so terrified, that an apple that he had in his hand flew strangely from him into his mother's lap, at a distance of six or eight feet (!)"

Samuel Gray testified, that about fourteen years ago (!) he waked one night, and saw a woman in his chamber. No harm was done to him, but a child that was in the room died soon after. He confessed that he had never seen the prisoner before (that is, till the trial), but was now satisfied that it was her apparition.

John Bly and his wife testified, "that they bought a sow from the prisoner's husband, but having to pay

the money to a creditor of the seller, she (the prisoner) was so angry that she quarrelled with Bly, and soon afterwards the sow was taken with strange fits, jumping, and knocking her head against the fence, which made the witnesses conclude that the prisoner had bewitched it."

The rest of the evidence was of a similar cast, and there is no occasion for troubling the reader with more of it. One point only in the same case may be adverted to. Bridget Bishop was examined by a jury of women, who declared that they found upon her person the noted mark of witchcraft, a coloured spot that would not bleed on being pricked. The accused woman seems to have been so conscious of the erroneous nature of this conclusion, as to get a second examination ordered. The second examiners found no such mark; but, alas! instead of doing poor Bridget any good, the circumstance was held conclusive against her, as proving that the devil had in the interval removed the mark! It is difficult for people now-a-days to believe that comparatively enlightened men could have sentenced fellow-creatures to death upon such testimony as that given in the preceding case, which was no way different from the others. Nay, in some cases material portions of the evidence were shown to be grossly false, yet the fate of the unhappy accused was the same. "At the trial of Sarah Good (says a contemporary writer, Mr Calef of Boston), one of the accusers fell down in a fit, and cried out that the prisoner's spectre was stabbing her with a knife, but had broke it in her body; and to confirm the truth of her relation, she plucked a piece of the blade out of her breast, and showed it in court; but there was a young man present, who, seeing the blade, had the honesty and courage to claim it for his, and to declare before the judges that he broke his knife but the day before, and threw away part of the blade in presence of the accuser, but that he had the handle with the other part of the blade in his pocket, which he delivered into court, and upon comparing them together, they were found to be parts of the same knife; upon which the judge only reprimanded the false witness, and bade her tell no more lies." This incident, which ought to have invalidated the whole future testifications of these afflicted persons, was of no avail even in the case of Sarah Good. She was one of the first victims of the period.

While the tide of deception and credulity was at its height, no person was sure of life and fortune for an hour. The state of things resembled, on a small scale, that which prevailed in France at the revolution, when each man, full of jealous terror for his own life, believed that he had no way of safety but by sacrificing others, and that to pause was to perish. If any individual did come to a stop through a qualm of conscience, the danger was indeed great, by reason of the time and opportunity thus afforded to enemies. One incident in this New-England reign of terror will illustrate the point. At Andover, in New England, a magistrate named Bradstreet, after granting thirty or forty warrants, came to the resolution of granting no more. The result was, that he and his wife were immediately afterwards accused of committing *niue murders* by witchcraft, and flight alone saved them from the gallows. Many other persons also fled from the country, preferring the loss of property to the risk of accusation and death. In some cases parents were condemned by the evidence of their own children! At the trial of Martha Carrier, several of her children confessed themselves witches, and that their mother had made them so; but, for the credit of human nature, it ought to be told that these children had been subjected to great suffering, ere they consented to make so unnatural a charge. "George Jacobs senior was condemned (says Mr Neal in his history) by the evidence of his own granddaughter, who, to save her own life, confessed herself a witch, and was forced to appear against her grandfather." Before the old man's execution, the poor girl could not bear up against the stings of conscience, and made a public confession of the falsity of her former story. But the only result of her recantation was the endangerment of her own life. Had it not been for a severe illness, indeed, which prevented her from being brought forward at the time appointed for her trial, she would assuredly have perished on the scaffold. These cases will give some idea of the deplorable state into which society was thrown in the New-England towns and villages, by the prevalence of this witchcraft mania. All the prisons were filled, as has been stated, with the accused, nearly two hundred persons being confined in them at one time.

The majority of these prisoners would certainly have suffered death, had not a striking change come over the public mind, after the executions of June, July, August, and September. The accusers, or witch-afflicted parties, remained as eager as ever in the prosecution of their game, and in truth their numbers continued daily on the increase. The importance attached to their pretended powers of detecting the *spectres* of witches, was the means of bringing forward many new claimants to the gift. Such persons were actually paid to travel from one place to another, in order to unravel cases of suspected witchcraft, by their powers of seeing what was invisible to others. But after the executions, an alteration took place in the popular feeling, and this was principally owing to the fact, that not one of the victims confessed, at their death, the truth of the charge brought against them. On the contrary, every one of them made a dying pro-

test of their innocence. This weighed strongly with the public, and "the afflicted" increased the impression by overacting their parts, and growing too numerous. They began, for want of less objectionable victims, to testify against persons of unimpeachable character; and the consequence was, that their representations speedily lost much of their efficacy. About the same time, a number of the unfortunate women who had confessed themselves witches, publicly expressed their sorrow for being induced, through fear, ill-treatment, and other influences, to state what was not the truth. Such was the effect of these combined causes, that, ere the close of 1692, all further prosecutions were stopped, and the accusations of the afflicted entirely disregarded and contemned. The prison doors were thrown open, and a free pardon was granted by the governor to all under sentence of condemnation.

Thus was this extraordinary delusion brought to an end, after enduring in all for about fifteen months. Had the people not been in many respects civilised and intelligent, the victims would have been much more numerous; but it required a long time ere the distemper raged so high as to bring them to the point of taking away life. The same civilisation rendered their sorrow deep and sincere when the illusion passed away. Almost all of those who had borne a part in the tragic affair, publicly declared their grief and repentance. The jurors who served at the trials signed a document, praying that "God would not impute the guilt of what had passed to themselves, nor others, and also entreating that they might be considered aright by the living sufferers, as being then under the influence of a strong and grievous delusion, utterly unacquainted with, and not experienced in, matters of that nature." The judges expressed similar sentiments. One of them gave in a paper to be read in open church at Boston, acknowledging that he had greatly erred with respect to the late trials, and begging the prayers of the congregation to be put up for him, that he might obtain pardon for the error. While this paper was reading, he stood up in view of the whole assembly.

It is by these circumstances that the story of Salem witchcraft is rendered chiefly remarkable. In earlier times, thousands of human beings perished on account of similar charges, but gross ignorance then existed among the nations, and we are in no wonder or doubt as to the cause of the barbarities practised. Here, however, the case was different. A film seemed merely to fall for a time over the eyes of comparatively enlightened men, and then to pass away, leaving the vision unclouded save by repentant tears. Let us hope, as we have reason to do, that the story of Salem witchcraft will be the last intermixed with the annals of men of British blood.

A VISIT TO NEWGATE IN MAY 1839.

BY GIBBONS MERLE.

A FEW years have wrought great changes in Newgate. Here, as in all other well-conducted prisons, the unhappy position of the prisoner is no longer aggravated by the harsh regulations of a governor, or the brutal disposition of turnkeys, taken as formerly from the worst class of society. Not only have all the rules of the prison been ameliorated by the magistrates, but their mild and benevolent character is rendered still more admirable by the spirit of indulgence exercised by the governor and his subordinate officers in every thing consistent with the safe keeping of the offender. The privation of liberty has been admitted to be a sufficient punishment, without adding to its bitterness by cruel treatment. The presence of the turnkey is no longer dreaded by the unhappy inmates of the different wards, as he appears to take an interest in the persons who are committed to his charge. The head turnkey of Newgate, who is an intelligent man, of kind disposition, visits frequently every department of the prison, and urges the prisoners under sentence of transportation to good conduct, by informing them that notes are taken of their behaviour whilst in Newgate, which will materially affect their treatment when they arrive at the colony. The wards are all remarkable for their cleanliness, and in every one of them there is a good fire during the winter, even up to the 1st of May. The plan of warming by heated air, or by the radiation of heat from hot water, has not yet been introduced here, and there is therefore a sort of cheerfulness about the wards, which does not exist in other places of detention where open fireplaces have been abolished. Whatever may be the advantages of the new mode of warming prisons, it is certain that to an Englishman there is nothing so cheering as an open fireplace. This is a fact universally admitted under all circumstances, and it is considered by the prisoners in Newgate to be a great advantage, for as they group round the fireplace, and relate the stories of early life, they forget for a time the misery of their condition. The diet of the prison is abundant. Each person has twenty ounces of excellent bread per day, and on three days of the week they have also each for

dinner half a pound of good meat and a quantity of potatoes. On the other days they have pease-soup, and every person has a pint and a half of thick gruel at breakfast and at supper. The full allowance of twenty ounces of bread is given every day. They have only water to drink, unless they have the means of purchasing beer, in which case they are permitted to receive one pint per day. They are also permitted to purchase meat or any other kind of provisions on the meagre days, with their own funds. If a prisoner on his entrance be without good clothing, he receives a suit of apparel which has no distinguishing badge, and in the event of acquittal, he is allowed to retain it. His own clothing is put into an oven heated by warm air, and thus vermin and any kind of infection are effectually destroyed. The diet of the prisoner, after condemnation, is the same as before it. The only difference between those under accusation and those who have received sentence, is, that little indulgences are shown to the former which are withheld from the latter. The sleeping places resemble the berths of a ship. They are in tiers, and vary in number from three to twelve in each ward. The bedding consists of a good rope mat and three rugs for each person. There are in every ward a Bible and a Testament, but any other books are prohibited, except to offenders whose crimes are of a light dye, or to whom the indulgence is granted upon a special order. This regulation is one of a very questionable nature; for although upon the approach of the turnkey or governor, those prisoners who wish to obtain a favourable report as to their conduct in the prison affect to be eagerly engaged in the perusal of these holy works, it has been found, by the private inspection through the holes which are pierced in the wall for that purpose, that they are seldom so engaged when they are alone and not in expectation of a visit. It would probably be beneficial to permit the reading of amusing works having a moral tendency, for in this way the mind would be brought into a state which would dispose it to the reading of the Scriptures. It might even be well to encourage the reading aloud, at stated hours, books of this kind, in each ward, by the most competent prisoner, for the benefit of the whole, and this should be done in the presence of the turnkey. There are many books in which lessons of morality and virtue are conveyed in an agreeable manner; but if such were wanting, the authorities would find no difficulty in procuring new ones at a cheap rate, through one of the societies for the propagation of useful knowledge.

The punishments in this prison for infraction of the rules are, separation from the ward in which the offender was placed, and a diet of bread and water; but owing to the vigilant control of the turnkeys, this is not often necessary. Great attention is of course paid to the exercise of the prisoners as a means of keeping up bodily health. They are compelled to walk at fixed hours during the day in the yards, and to move briskly in a circle, the juvenile offenders having with them a well-behaved adult prisoner to maintain order. The condemned cells are not, as generally supposed, subterraneous, but are small well-ventilated rooms in a separate part of the building, having two yards attached to them for exercise. In each cell is an iron bedstead, with the ordinary bedding of the prison. These are the cells in which prisoners are placed when ordered for execution. They are now very rarely tenanted, as nearly three years have elapsed without an execution. Nor is it probable that the scenes of horror for which these cells were the preparation, will be again witnessed except at rare intervals.

When I visited Newgate in the month of May, the number of persons in confinement, untried or sentenced, and waiting for removal to undergo their punishment, was 220, of whom 50 were females. Amongst the male prisoners, the majority was composed of persons under twenty-five years of age, and many of them were mere children, most of whom were in confinement for trial, or under sentence for a second or third offence. The conduct of these boys would be intolerable in prison if they were not kept under severe control. Those who have already undergone punishment in other prisons, make a parade of their accomplishments in vice to their fellow prisoners; and as the prison allowance, and, to them, prison comforts, are far greater than what they had been accustomed to when at liberty, they do not appear to suffer much moral depression. Although the system of classification is kept up as far as it is practicable in Newgate, it cannot, from the nature of the building, be carried to such an extent as would prevent the corruption of the comparatively innocent lad by these hardened offenders. The cunning and evasive answers made by such boys show the full perversity of their character; and it is found that when a truly contrite youth, imprisoned for the first time, weeps over his disgrace, the old offender taunts him with his pusillanimity, and but too frequently persuades him that it is less shameful to commit crime than to shed tears at the dread of punishment for the commission of it. It is in the nature of boys to ape the courage of men, and their model is almost necessarily a bad one. From the circumstances in which they are placed in life, they have before their eyes few examples of the courage of virtue in adults of their own class, and the virtuous example of those who are above them is seen only at a distance, and fails to produce any good effect; for the artificial state of society renders it a difficult, if not a hopeless task, for youths of the lower orders to take a place amongst the higher

classes. The young offender, however low born, has frequently a mental organisation, which, if developed under favourable external circumstances, would lead to noble acts; but as he cannot feel the ambition to be a great man when he sees how difficult it is to arrive at such greatness, he has the ambition to become a great scoundrel. Society has much to answer for in neglecting to open the avenues to distinction to the poorer classes, by a proper extension of the advantages of a sound education, the first principle of which should be to teach the possibility of becoming great by virtue. This is not done; and as boys are generally romantic, and are in the habit of reading the histories of thieves who have excited the admiration of the multitude by their cunning or their courage, such personages become the *beau idéal* of their minds, and the profligacy of the adult members of their own class offers but too much encouragement to their own vicious inclinations.

A great deal has lately been done by benevolent persons to provide employment for young criminals after their condemnation, and to prepare the way for their return to society. With this view an asylum has been formed in the Isle of Wight, to which very young persons are sent, and the different penitentiaries are intended for the same end. But whatever may be the gratification which the philanthropist derives from witnessing the benevolent anxiety of the public on this subject, there is a lamentable fact connected with it which must not be concealed. The principal turnkey of Newgate states, that since the formation of the establishment at the Isle of Wight, the number of juvenile offenders has much increased. The cause of this increase is thus explained by him. He states that among the lower orders it is a frequent practice for men to marry widows who have a family, or to live unmarried with women who have children; or for females to marry or live unmarried with men who are thus situated. The children in such cases are generally neglected or ill treated, and are driven into the streets to shift for themselves. In most cases they resort to theft, and if detected, are necessarily committed for trial. The unnatural authors of this mischief lay a kind of unction upon their conscience, if they have any, by the reflection that if the children be not detected, they have done them no harm, and that if they are detected and sent to prison, they will be merely sent to the depot at the Isle of Wight. If the fact be as this person has stated, there was formerly a certain degree of consideration in the parent or step-parent of such children, preventing their total abandonment; which virtue no longer exists. The number of females under twenty years of age in Newgate, is small as compared with that of the male youths. This may be accounted for partly by the difference in the habits of the two sexes, the male youths having a greater degree of liberty to herd together and acquire habits of theft from the more experienced with whom they associate, or a greater spirit of imitation, and partly by the fact that, whilst the viciously disposed of the female sex obtain the means of subsistence in prostitution, the male who is excluded by his habits from honest employment, has no other resource than theft. Those who live in large towns, and who see the streets infested by young females of from thirteen to eighteen years of age, will know what degree of importance to attach to this observation. There would be cruelty in a desire to see the prison allowance of Newgate diminished, or the indulgences to the prisoners abridged; but if some of the persons who are there *en recidive* are to be believed, the remembrance of their treatment in prison, instead of deterring them from the repetition of crime, had a contrary effect. "What were we to do?" said some who had escaped conviction from informality; "nobody would employ us—we wanted bread, and we knew that in prison we should find a clean home, a good fire, and abundant food."

Two of the best wards of the prison were appropriated to the use of the Canadian insurgents, who had recently been brought to the country, under well-known circumstances. They were in Newgate awaiting the decision of the legislature on their case. Of the nine or ten in custody, some were of the class of small farmers in their own country; one of them, an intelligent young man, a native of the United States, was a clerk in a commercial house; another was a schoolmaster; and one, an elegant-looking man of good education, who appeared to be looked upon with great respect by his companions in misfortune, is said to have had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, the greater part of which he had expended upon the cause in which he had embarked. Confinement had not daunted the spirit or subdued the energies of these men. Whilst they admitted that their leaders had probably been actuated by base motives, and that they would have acted more prudently if they had exercised a proper degree of judgment as to the resources which they possessed for working out the revolution, they would not allow that the conduct of the government had not been such as to justify their appeal to arms. Of their treatment in Newgate they spoke with a respect approaching to gratitude, for, contrasted with that which they had received from their captors, it assumed the character of benevolence. But the dread of transportation, of an eternal separation from the land of their birth, the fields which they had cultivated, and the homes in which they had enjoyed the prattle of their children, and the sympathy of the wives of their bosom, appeared to them a calamity far

more terrible than death. For death they had been prepared; they had reckoned upon its possibility as one of the chances of the bold and dangerous enterprise in which they had embarked; but they had never calculated on the chance of partaking of the lot of the common felon.*

FOOD OF WORKMEN.

[Translated from the Belgian Almanack for 1837.]

WHEN one considers the manner in which the French and Belgian workmen are nourished, in comparison with those of England, he is forcibly struck by the extreme contrast displayed between the two modes of living.

In various branches of trade, our Belgian workmen eat almost no butcher-meat during the week; if they use it on Sunday, it is solely as an object of luxury. The English operative, on the contrary, makes a habitual use of substantial animal nourishment.

"I have calculated (says M. Charles Dupin, member of the French Chamber of Deputies) the total weight and quantity of the animal substance applied to the sustenance of man, in France and in England, and the result of the calculation is as follows:—For every sixty-one kilogrammes of flesh eaten by a Frenchman, an Englishman takes upwards of 178; that is to say, about three times as much. This difference in the manner of living causes a very sensible difference in physical power. Animal nourishment bestows on man a much greater amount of physical force, for daily use and expenditure, than is derivable from vegetable diet. Hence we may account, in part at least, for the superior quantity of labour executed by English operatives."

It is necessary that our workmen should think of nourishing themselves in a more substantial manner. At this moment, in many departments of trade, those employed take an amount of nourishment very insufficient to repair the daily waste of their powers. The end of the week finds them in a state of great exhaustion. Every Sunday, they seek to regain their lost strength by a diet entirely different, both in nature and quantity, from the meat and drink which they have taken through the week; and it chances to them, as it does to men who suddenly satisfy their appetite after long abstinence, that they are rendered sick and ill, instead of feeling recruited and refreshed as they anticipated. Thus it is, that, on the Monday, the tradesman is found to be less capable of work than at the close of the week, and to the same cause is chiefly to be ascribed the evil custom, so prevalent among the workmen of large cities, of not going to labour at all on the first working-day of the week.

The best way of remedying this inconvenience would be to lead the artisans gradually, by temperate counsels, to make use habitually of better nourishment, which would soon be followed by the abandonment of the custom of Monday idleness; while all the expense consequent on the adoption of better diet during the six working days, would not exceed the gains of the recovered day's labour, and the men's outlay would therefore be no way increased. At the same time, in consequence of the change, they would find themselves able to produce a much greater quantity of work during the five other days, and, of course, to demand from their employers proportionate wages. They would avoid, also, the frequent maladies and the premature decrepitude which are the inseparable attendants of ill-regulated modes of life. They would greatly prolong their span of years, although these years are too apt at present to become to them years of misery, unless they have the prudence to gather up, in youth and manhood, wherewith to satisfy the ever increasing necessities of age.

As the injury which operatives do to themselves by idling all Monday, or making a holiday of it, is not known to themselves, at least in its full extent, it may be of some service to call their attention to the real state of the case. The workman who gains one franc and fifty centimes a day, loses annually fifty-two Mondays, which ought to have brought to him seventy-eight francs. If to this sum be added the extra or extraordinary expense which always attends the idle Monday, and which cannot be estimated at less than half a day's wage, or thirty-nine francs annually, the total annual loss will be found to be 117 francs (£4, 17s. 6d.)

But the matter does not rest here. The pecuniary loss may be the chief result with regard to unmarried men, but heads of families suffer much more, because their absence from home is the spring of many domestic disorders, whose consequences are incalculable. If those who devote the Monday to uncalculated rest or idleness, would go to work on that day, and place in the Savings' Bank the sum they gained, as well as the sum which they would otherwise have bestowed on the Monday's extra expense (which it is fair to include), they would then, without being a whit worse off than they are in other points, find themselves masters, in a year or two, of a fund which would save them from destitution in case of any emergency, such as mortality seldom escapes at some period or another; or they might taste the joy of being able to dower a daughter, or might buy off from military service the son to whom they looked for support in old age.

Estimating 300,000 to be the number of operatives,

* Since this was written, the Canadian prisoners have been restored to freedom.—Ed. C. B. J.

throughout all Belgium, who idle away the Monday, and calculating the consequent annual loss of each man at the low sum of 100 francs, the total yearly loss resulting to the working orders from the custom, comes to be 30,000,000 of francs (£1,250,000). This is more than one-third of the taxes paid each year by the whole kingdom. This loss will appear still greater, when it is considered that the whole of the funds of the benevolent societies and hospitals appropriated to the comfort of the indigent of the land, does not exceed 10,000,000 of francs (£416,666, 13s. 6d.); and that the amount of the sums lent by the institutions, termed *Monts-de-Piété*, is no more than 7,000,000 of francs (£291,666, 13s. 4d.) It is evident, that were a spirit of economy better spread among them, the working classes might not only emancipate themselves, and that speedily, from the (at best) degrading necessity for charitable help, but might ensure to themselves the means of independence and comfort, which they have hitherto been without.

We have seen with regret, in a statement recently published of the principal articles from which the municipal taxes of Brussels are raised, that the augmentation, during the year 1835, in the article of gin, has been very considerable. The average annual quantity consumed, from the year 1825 to the year 1833, was about 5000 hectolitres, while, in 1833, the quantity consumed was about 12,000 hectolitres. We shall have further occasion to point out the consequences of the great diminution of the taxes upon gin; the immediate effect of that deduction has been to increase the sale of the liquor, and to augment the number of cases of intoxication, and instances of disorder and crime. The idleness of the Monday is particularly favourable to intemperance; it is the day consecrated to libations; and by taking the trouble of examining the admission registers of the hospitals and prisons, one would receive still more convincing proof of the baneful influence which this custom exercises, alike on the purse and personal comforts of the workman, as on his health and morality.

AN IRISH START.

It was market-day at Tralee, and we had great difficulty in getting through the streets, so great was the concourse of people, carts, horses, geese, turkeys, and pigs.

And now, after having passed in safety through many Irish towns on market-days, and started with a great variety of horses and post-boys, 1, the most timid and nervous of all foolish women, would address a few words of encouragement to those who may happen to be placed in the like predicaments, with the same feelings of fear.

Never be afraid of an Irish start, even if the leaders come quite round to the carriage door. Never be afraid of having your carriage smashed, even if the narrow street of a little town be (as it generally is) so full of cars, people, pigs, poultry, and horses, that you cannot see the remotest possibility of a passage being obtained for the carriage through the dense mass. Do not be afraid either for yourself, or that any of the swarming population will be run over. The cars, the people, the pigs, &c., will indeed remain in the way, till the leaders which draw your carriage actually touch them. The whole scene looks in most dreadful confusion. The horses rear—the post-boys look as if they could not keep their seats, and had not the least power over the restive horses. The populace halloo, the pigs squeak, the jingle-men vociferate in Irish—jabbering it quicker and more vehemently than ever. But again I say it—do not be in the least afraid, for no accident ever happens.

There seems, indeed, a peculiar providence over Irish drivers, horses, and all the noisy occupants of a crowded street. Drunken men reel about on foot and on horseback, without ever seeming to do themselves or others any harm. At Bandon, I recollect seeing a drunken man gallop down the steep street, and as the horse turned short round at the bottom of it, the rider was precipitated off upon his head; but he very deliberately got up again, and endeavoured to lead his horse away by the tail!

There does in reality seem a special providence expressly provided for Irish men, women, and children, without which, what with fires, floods, burnings, house-fallings, car-upsettings, &c., there would not be a whole bone in the island. "I have been doing my best to drive over a child in this town for the last eight-and-twenty years," said an English mail-coach driver to his friend on the box, "and never could do it!" The risks that are run, the hazards encountered in every excursion by land or by water by these dare-devil people, would astonish and terrify their more civilised and cautious neighbours. At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland, Lord Guillemore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather than proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, long-tailed chestnut, had given, even on the level road, some very unequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

"I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan!" said the postilion, purposely turning a deaf ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship.

"I'll get down—open the door, my man," reiterated his lordship.

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honour," said the incorrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was said, and all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the verge of the hill. "Now, hold fast," said the wretch, as he laid the lash first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened annihilation—the long-tailed chestnut contriving,

even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the judge's nose as he sat in the chaise, the position springing with wonderful agility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every instant to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracle escaped. Down they came, the hot chestnut, now half mad from excitement, springing four or five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge—round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety at the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quickset hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leisurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that chestnut ever in harness before?"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'll give eight pound for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Sliev-na-muck, without breaking the chaise or doing ye any harm."—From a review of *Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland*, in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE WAKE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.*

Arrayed in robes of regal state,
But stiff and cold, the monarch sate;
In gorgeous vests, his chair beside,
Stood prince and peer, the nation's pride;
And paladin and high-born dame
Their place amid the circle claim:
And wands of office lifted high,
And arms and blazoned heraldry,—
All mute like marble statues stand,
Nor raise the eye, nor move the hand:
No voice, no sound to stir the air,
The silence of the grave is there.

The portal opens—hark, a voice!

"Come forth, O king! O king, rejoice!
The bowl is filled, the feast is spread,
Come forth, O king!"—The king is dead.
The bowl, the feast, he tastes no more,
The feast of life for him is o'er.

Again the sounding portals shake,
And speaks again the voice that spake:
—"The sun is high, the sun is warm,
Forth to the field the gallants swarm;
The foaming bit the courser champs,
His hoof the turf impatient stamps;
Light on their steeds the hunters spring;
The sun is high—Come forth, O king!"
Along these melancholy walls

In vain the voice of pleasure calls:
The horse may neigh, and bay the hound,—
He hears no more; his sleep is sound.
Retire—once more the portals close;
Leave, leave him to his dread repose.

—Mrs Barbauld's Works.

* The kings of Spain for nine days after death are placed sitting in robes of state with their attendants around them, and solemnly summoned by the proper officers to their meals and their amusements as if living.

THE ORIGIN OF TONTINES.

THE word Tontine is only a cant word, derived from the name of an Italian projector. This was one Laurence Tonti, a creature of Cardinal Mazarin; who, finding the people extremely out of humour with his eminence's administration, imagined he could reconcile them by a proposal of making people rich in an instant, without trouble or pains. His scheme was a lottery of annuities, with survivorship, which he proposed in 1653, with the consent of the court, but the parliament would not register the edict.* Three years after, he tried his project again, for building a stone bridge over the Seine, when it had both the favour of the court and the sanction of parliament, under the title of *Banque Royale*, but it failed again; for somebody having given it the unlucky name of Tontine, nobody in Paris would trust his money in a lottery that had an Italian title. The last attempt poor Tonti made, was to get his plan adopted by the clergy for the payment of their debts; but though they acknowledged the ingenuity of it, they rejected it as unfit for their purpose.

Such was the invention of the Tontine. If it is not trespassing too much upon you, I will now show when it first came into use. When Louis XIV. was distressed by the league of Augsburg, and granted money beyond what the revenues of the kingdom would furnish, for supplying his enormous expenses he had recourse to the plans of Tonti, which, though long laid aside, were not forgotten; and by an edict in 1689, created a Tontine Royale of 1,400,000 livres annual rent, divided into fourteen classes. The actions were 300 livres a-piece, and the proprietors were to receive L10 per cent., with bene-

* [By "survivorship," it is meant that the longest liver of the annuitants becomes ultimately the holder and proprietor of the whole stock. Each annuitant receives interest during life, and at the death of each, this ceases, the heirs of no annuitant but the survivor of all having any claim on the concern. Hence, when Tontine schemes are established, the subscribers usually settle the annuities on their youngest and healthiest children, to give the better chance of the survivorship. Inns and public buildings of different kinds are still sometimes built on the Tontine plan.]

fit of survivorship in every class. This scheme was executed but very imperfectly; for none of the classes rose to above 25,000 livres, instead of 100,000, according to the original institution, though the annuities were very regularly paid. A few years after, the people seeming in better humour for projects of this kind, another Tontine was erected upon nearly the same terms, but this was never above half full. They both subsisted in the year 1726, when the French king united the 13th class of the first Tontine with the 14th of the second; all the actions of which were possessed by Charlotte Bonnemay, widow of Louis Barbier, a surgeon of Paris, who died at the age of ninety-six.

This gentlewoman had ventured 300 livres in each Tontine; and in the last year of her life she had for her annuity 73,000 livres, or about L3600 a-year, for about L30.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791.

SPIDER AND WASPS.

IN autumn 1838, a small party of friends paid a visit to Blair-Athol, and while sauntering through the pleasure-ground, after visiting the Falls, and admiring the majestic windings of the Tay, one of them, on observing an unusually large spider's web, immediately called a halt and attention to the subject. This summons his companions obeyed, and after examining carefully a spider's web, larger by a half than any of them had ever seen before, great anxiety was expressed to obtain a peep of the giant spider himself. This, however, was a work of some difficulty; but at length, by dint of patient searching, they detected his hiding-place among the surrounding grass, and by means of a piece of paper, formed into a small twisted bag, succeeded in encoining him for future experiment. Arrived at Dunkeld, and dinner discussed, the conversation turned a good deal on entomology; each of the party had some anecdote to communicate, or remark to make; story in short followed story, and much, in particular, was said of the relative fighting powers of spiders and wasps. One man's experience was in favour of the superior prowess of the wasp; another's pointed to an opposite conclusion, and in this way discourse progressed, until bets were taken that the Blair-Athol prisoner would kill any wasp or wasps that could be found in the town of Dunkeld; and *vice versa*. As good luck would have it, a grocer situated near to the inn door had just staved a barrel of sugar, and as wasps are never far distant when such a windfall happens to be in the way, the backers of the bastard unproductive bee had an opportunity of picking and choosing at will. Three likely specimens were therefore selected, two of which were placed under a glass, and the third softly deposited at the bottom of a tumbler. The spider was then disenclosed, and placed on the rim of the same vessel; but he contented himself with trailing round and round, and seemed averse to descend. This, however, could not be permitted, and as it was necessary to bring the belligerents to close quarters, both were placed under a glass inverted. And then began the *mélée*; both immediately bristled up for defence or attack—the spider a little above, and the wasp below. Watching an opportunity, the spider descended, and endeavoured to wound the wasp in the body; this attempt the other resisted, and in return paid his antagonist the compliment of biting off one of his legs. This throughout seemed the favourite mode of tactics, and as the spider on the other hand carefully avoided such accidents, the inference was that all insects he ventures to attack know instinctively that this is the only method by which he can be met, and, perchance, overcome. The battle lasted for some little time, but after the spider had inflicted a third bite, the enemy dropt, and instantly expired. A second wasp was then introduced, which also attempted to maim and lacerate the spider's legs; but it was less successful, and after receiving three or more bites, shared the fate of its predecessor. A third, therefore, was brought to the scratch, a small but very active wasp, and as the spider was now somewhat exhausted, the fortune of war seemed more varied than it had been before. In the end, however, the wasp received one severe wound, under the effects of which it reeled, and appeared to be dying; but after a little time it rallied, and appeared bent on renewing the combat. The spider, coiled up, watched its motions narrowly, and having by this time probably recruited its stock of poison, descended fiercely, and completed the work of death by a single bite or blow. It was then enlarged as the hero of the ring, and when last observed was wending its way cautiously adown the wall of the inn at Dunkeld.

On another occasion, one of the above party had occasion to send a fine specimen of the spider tribe to a medical friend in Dundee, who is exceedingly curious in such matters. As the readiest means of transit, he enclosed it in a common spoil box, and dispatched by coach the tiny traveller. The box, however, was too roomy for the spider's wants, and as he seems to have disliked the jolting incident to coach travelling, he had recourse to a very ingenious remedy. Bees evince extraordinary sagacity in overcoming difficulties of form and situation, and spiders, it would appear, share to a great extent the same delicate and useful tact. Such, at least, is the inference we feel inclined to draw from the following fact:—When the spider reached Dundee, and the consignor opened the box, he was equally surprised and delighted to find that his insect charge had spun for himself a superb hammock, securely hung from the four corners of his prison-house, in which he had coiled, in sailor fashion, as softly as he does in his native lair.—*Dumfries Courier*.

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